This—and Fen Court, the home of that wonderful woman Mrs. Jack Gardiner, who represents the present worship of beauty in Boston as Mrs. Fields represents its former worship of literary men. Fen Court is a house of enchantment, a palace, and Mrs. Gardiner is like a great princess in it. She has " great possessions " indeed, but her best, to my mind, is her most beautiful voice, even though I remember her garden by moonlight with the fountain playing, her books and her pictures, the Sargent portrait of herself presiding over one of the most splendid of those splendid rooms, where everything great in old art and new art is represented. What a portrait it is ! Some one once said of Sargent that " behind the individual he finds the real, and behind the real, a whole social order."

He has painted " Mrs. Jack " in a tight-fitting black dress with no ornament but her world-famed pearl necklace round hfer waist, and on her shoes rubies like drops of blood. The daring, intellectual face seems to say : ″ *1* have possessed everything that is worth possession, through the energy and effort and labour of the country in which I was born."

Mrs. Gardiner represents all the *poetry* of the millionaire.

Mrs. Gardiner's house filled me with admiration, but if I want rest and peace I just think of the houses of Mrs. James Fields and Oliver Wendell Holmes. He was another personage in Boston life when I first went there. Oh, the visits I inflicted OE him—yet he always seemed pleased to see me, the cheery, kind man. It was generally winter

when I called on him. At once it was " four feet upon a fender !" Four feet upon a fender was his idea of happiness, he told me, during one of these lengthy visits of mine to his house in Beacon Street.

He came to see us in " Much Ado about Nothing" and, next day sent me some little volumes of his work with a